

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

First announced from angel lips to  
man two thousand years ago, and  
to-day chanted by village choirs,  
and rehearsed by reverend lips, and  
glowing in evergreen letters along  
the arches of countless christian  
churches—of peace on earth good  
will to men, had filled and warmed  
the human atmosphere with an un-  
wonted love and charity, so that  
to-day even the miser's grasp re-  
laxes upon his worshipped gold,  
and the hungry and naked are  
warmed and filled.

K. S. McL.

### LADYBIRD'S CHRISTMAS BALL.

In scarlet cloak and velvet sleeve  
And tippet ermine-spotted,  
Sat Ladybird one Christmas eve,  
Among the plants allotted  
To fill a cozy window seat  
Where she might view at leisure  
The passers in a city  
Who walked or rode for pleasure.

Her slender hand, silk-gloved and  
fine

For flirting or for scorning,  
It held a glass of cowslip wine  
Distilled that very morning.  
And as she sat and sipped demure  
Small sips at her small table,  
She laughed to feel herself secure  
And snug and comfortable.

For all outside who walk or ride  
With frost were pinched and bitten.  
Rich furs and jewels side by side  
With ragged cloak and mitten.  
She saw her garden-mates — the  
worm,

The ant, the bee, the beetle  
With naught to shield each shiver-  
ing form,  
Not even a rose petal.

While she the paragon and peer  
From higher forms deriving  
Her happier fate to flourish here  
The fittest still surviving.  
She spread her fan and fluttered it,  
And tossed her jaunty feather,

To think that so much grace and wit  
For once should go together.

Ah tragic fate! a tale though brief  
To make the red blood curdle.  
A careless maiden plucked a leaf  
To wear it in her girdle,  
And with it, all unguessed, as well  
Transferred to that position  
Proud Ladybird, whose heart did  
swell

With gratified ambition.  
The twinkling wax-lights flashed and  
slept

On lovely forms and faces:  
To merry music lightly slept  
The dancers in their places.  
'Twas Christmas Eve, you may  
believe,

Responsive to the fiddle,  
The very chairs joined hands and  
swung  
Each other down the middle

The children danced, a fairy chain,  
With peals of silver laughter  
The squire danced, and his portly  
dame,

And shook the very rafters.  
And mistletoe with blissful spells  
Beneath the lamps was hanging.  
While in the steeple all the bells  
Were musically clanging.

Ladybird spread her silken train  
And flaunted her gay feather,  
The dancers and her dizzy brain  
Bobbed up and down together.  
And no one at the Christmas ball,  
Nor in the whole wide city  
Beheld poor Ladybird's sad fate,  
Or felt one pang of pity.

As crushed and bruised and tram-  
pled on

She dying gazed about her,  
And wondered how the ball had  
gone—

The Christmas ball without her.

The moral is—if such you want  
(It could not well be stronger.)  
Were she less given to flirt and  
flaunt,  
She might have lived the longer.